

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

VOL. XXXII

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BROTHERHOOD AND SERVICE

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round

Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound

Into the glory of the perfect day:

Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,

One in our love of all things sweet and fair,

One with the joy that breaketh into song,

One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

Oh, clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,

Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine!

Our inspiration be Thy constant word;

We ask no victories that are not Thine.

Give or withhold; let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

To know that there are some souls, hearts, and minds here and there who trust us, and whom we trust; some who know us, and whom we know; some on whom we can always rely, and who will always rely on us, makes a paradise of this great world. The only solid thing in this universe is love. This makes our life really life. This makes us immortal while we are here. This makes us sure that death is no end, but only a beginning, to us and to all we love. It is only love and insight which show us all we have ever done. Cold sagacity misjudges us; mere sympathy, feeble good nature, soothes, but does not essentially help us. But love illuminated by truth, truth warmed through and through by love—these perform for us the most blessed thing that one human being can do for another. They show us to ourselves; they show us what we really are, what we have been, may be, can be, shall be.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE JOY OF SELF-SACRIFICE

And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets.—II CHRON. XXIX, 27.

It had been a day of joy and triumph in Jerusalem. Hezekiah the king, reviving the faith and worship of Jehovah, from which his fathers had departed, had opened the doors of the temple and cleared out all the rubbish of the long neglect; he had gathered the priests and summoned the people, and to-day there had been a vast sacrifice to the Lord, in which the people had once more declared themselves His servants, and given up again their personal and national life to Him. The verse which I have quoted records the joy with which the sacrifice was made: "The song of the Lord began with the trumpets." Not in a gloomy silence, as if the people were doing a hard duty which they would not do if they could help it, did the smoke of their offering ascend to God. With a burst of jubilant music and with a song of triumphant joy, the host of the Jews claimed for themselves anew their place in the obedience of God. The act of sacrifice was done amid a chorus of delight.

The old sacrifices are past and gone forever. But that which they represented still remains, and will remain so long as man and God are child and Father to each other. The giving up of the life of man away from himself, to serve his true and rightful Master, the surrender of his life to another—self-sacrifice (which is what the burnt offerings picturesquely represented) is universally and perpetually necessary.

Can the life now be offered as the beast was offered of old, with song and trumpet? Can it be the conscious glorification of a life to give that life away in self-denial?

Multitudes of people there are all about us who thoroughly accept it as the great law and necessity of human life that there must be self-sacrifice. They see that the world would be a

dreadful and intolerable place if every creature in it lived only for his own indulgence. There is the need that a man should sacrifice his lower self to his higher self, his passions to his principles. There is the need of sacrificing one's self for fellow men. All these needs a man will own and honor. He will try to meet them. But when you come to talk of joy in meeting them, that is another matter. Self-sacrifice seems to him a disagreeable necessity of life; to rejoice over it and take up our task with a song,—that is something which most men—even those who work on most scrupulously at their duty—cannot comprehend. "I know it is my duty because I hate it so," somebody said to me once about some task. That is the look of duty to multitudes of men. The highest dream of the poet is of a state of things in which we shall know that something is our duty because we love it so! That condition would be heaven.

And yet it would be only the realization and completion of that which was set forth in the old Book of Chronicles, in which the sacrifice was greeted with the blast of the trumpets and the songs of the people.

There are exalted lives and exalted moments in which we do catch sight of the joy and the glory of self-sacrifice. When the young men went to the war, was it not true that the fact of sacrifice intensified the joy? It was a joy to save their country. But what made the difference between their going and the patient plodding of the clerk up to the State House or the quiet journey of the Congressman up to Washington to-day? They, too, if they are honest and faithful, are saving the country. Why does the one trudge the streets unnoticed, while before the others trumpets blew and around them the crowd shouted? The essence of it was that in their going the self-sacrifice was vivid and distinct. No safe and easy task could ever have filled the heart with such a sober and deep delight.

The words of our text are literally true as the history of many a man's life. Many a man has gone on year after year with little or no zest in his existence, until at last there came some change which seemed at first to be a terrible misfortune—something which threw the whole heavy weight of other people's lives upon the shoulders of this one life, so that it had to forget itself and live completely for others. When it began to live for other people, this nature, which had had no song in it before, became jubilant with music.

At first there is reluctance, hesitation; the teeth are set; the hands are clenched. The eyes look back as if they were leaving all the happiness of life behind them. But a few years later what spring there is in every movement, what sparkle in every thought, what eagerness, what interest, what hope!

Do we not all know men for whom it is just as clear as daylight that what they need is the sacrifice of themselves for other people?

One would not be so foolish as to say that self-sacrifice does not bring pain. Indeed it does. The life of Christ must be our teacher there. He carried the song and the trumpet always in his heart.

There is another reason why it would seem to be necessary that man should have the power of finding pleasure in his self-sacrifices, and that is found in the fact that joy or delight in what we are doing is not a mere luxury; it is a means, a help for the more perfect doing of our work. Try just as far as possible to find the pleasure of your life in the work to which your life must be given. Study its principles. Let your interest dwell on its details. Make it delightful by the affections which cluster around it, by the help which you are able through it to give to other people, by the education which your own faculties are getting out of it. This is the true transfiguration and success of labor and of life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

LEAF on the bough and fly on the wing,
Birds that sing, winds that swing
Roses thickly clustering,
Woodbine blooms that clamber and cling,
Ferns that fresh in the woodland spring,
Flowers that sweets to the breezes fling,
Babble of streams and drips of wells,
Golden gleams and balmy smells,—
Bees a-buzz in tremendous bells,—
What is the word their gladness tells,
What the bliss they bring?

—C. F. Savage-Armstrong.

Peter Lower was digging away at the weeds in his potato-patch. "Makes it harder to have the weeds so thick, don't it?" remarked Lem Beebe, leaning over the fence. "Nope; easier," declared Pete; "you don't have to walk so far to the next weed."—*Everybody's.*

"No, sah, ah doan't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored woman looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why, de other day I seen dat Johnson boy git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth an' when he git off I sez to him, 'Yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo' been?'"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Teacher was hearing reading lessons and little Freddy was reading. Freddy: "'I'm havin' a good time,' said Arty." Teacher: "That will not do, Freddy, read that again." Freddy: "'I'm havin' a good time,' said Arty." Teacher: "That is no better, Freddy, you have left out the 'g.'" Freddy: "'G, I'm havin' a good time,' said Arty."—*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When anyone writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

REQUESTS

1. I have been a reader of the *Cheerful Letter* about thirty years and this is the third request I have made. The first was for reading matter, and I received some good reading. I am a wheel chair shut-in; cannot stand alone on my feet; have no means of support only what I can make crocheting, I would be glad to get any kind of scraps for my quilts and any number of the white crochet thread; and if it is not asking too much, I would love to have some good novels to read. I get plenty of religious matter, but no fiction of any kind. (Miss) Sallie Satterwhite, Blairstown, Mo., Box 24.

2. I have heard that "nobody reads Thackeray any more." If so, could it be possible for me to get some of his books, no matter how much defaced? Also files of the *Christian Herald* for 1921 or 1922. Clifford E. Davis, Cumberland, Md., Box 267.

3. I wish to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for past favors, and also hope to be remembered in the future. Any reading matter and quilt scraps will be appreciated very much. I have four children: a boy, Otis, age 19; Mabel, age 16; Dewey, age 12, and Ermile, age 5. My daughter would like to have *Lena Rivers*, *Ruby's Reward*, *Edith Lyle's Secret* or *Dorothy's Jewels*. My husband has not been able to work for several years. His mother lives with us. She is

in poor health and blind in one eye. May God bless you all in your good work. (Mrs.) Laura Gibson, Malakoff, Texas, Box 131, Route 2.

4. Mrs. Lula Kiker, R. F. D. 2, Polkton, N. C., would be glad of magazines and a correspondent. She has boys of 5 and 3.

5. I wish to express my thanks to those who sent me magazines, through the *Cheerful Letter* paper. I tried to write to each one individually, but some addresses were not complete, so I take this method of showing that I appreciated all of them. I hope the lady who sent me the package of crochet silks and cottons may see this, for I enjoyed them very much. The letter I mailed to her was returned unclaimed. (Mrs.) Lena T. Wood, Endicott, Va., Route 1, Box 11.

6. Being isolated and lonely, without children and physically unable to pass the time with work, I wish to get letters from members of the *Cheerful Letter* Club, and will answer all who send stamp for reply. I would like to get names and addresses of people in need of health or happiness. (Mrs.) Cora Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

7. I wish some of the kind ladies would send me reading. I enjoy good books and magazines. I would also be glad of one or two correspondents. I live in the country, am married, but have no children. I get very lonely as I'm yet a girl in

age and live several hundred miles from relatives. I thank any of the ladies who will be kind enough to remember me. (Mrs.) Lucile Hodges, Headland, Ala., Route 5.

8. I am a woman in bad health, with three children—one girl and two boys. I live in the country about four miles from church; I would appreciate some reading for me and my children, and I would like to have a correspondent. (Mrs.) Bill Turner, Polkton, N. C., Route 3, Box 8.

9. With reference to your noble work in sending out books to the poor and needy of our Arkansas mountain districts and elsewhere, permit me to say your work is doing much good in the way of cultivating as well as developing a wholesome desire for reading—just what our boys and girls need, the desire, the taste for such reading. Thank you, Mrs. Nichols, ever so much for the schoolbooks you kindly sent me. I am handing such to some of my neighbors' children, who I know will make good use of them. (Rev.) C. W. Johnson, Ben Hur, Ark.

10. Mrs. N. B. Cobb, 314 Orange St., Wilmington, N. C., a shut-in, will be grateful for *The Cloister and the Hearth*, or any good book.

11. Mrs. C. T. Humphreys, Coleman's Falls, Va., Route 1 (care C. W. Grasty), a lonely mother living where there are no advantages, asks for a Bible, as she has not one; also cards for her four small children. She would be glad of quilt scraps.

12. Mrs. J. C. Meredith, Jonesboro, Ark., Route 6, Box 91A, is the mother of four children: boys, fifteen, thirteen, eleven; girl, eight years, all fond of reading. They live on a farm, three miles from town, and will appreciate anything we may do for them. Our readers will remember Mrs. Meredith's mother, Mrs. C. F. Lowe of Rector, Ark.

13. I am a poor colored woman; have two children; cannot work very much. My husband has been dead for a long time, and I would be glad if you would print my letter so that some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends might send me reading matter and quilt pieces of any kind. I am a member of a M. E. Zion Church. My pastor is Rev. M. T. Legrand. (Mrs.) Ella Little, Ansonville, N. C., Box 237.

14. I wish to thank those who have been so kind to me in the past. I have not had much time for reading or writing during the past few years, as I am a busy mother. Now I would be glad of some literature for myself, especially magazines such as *Good Housekeeping*, *Mothers' Magazine*, etc. I would be very glad indeed if I could secure books, short stories, pictures and magazines for a group of children (from the

age of six to fifteen), that are trying to form a little reading circle in the community. (Mrs.) Hobart Austin, Kelford, N. C.

CHEERFUL LETTER REPORT 1922-1923

THE work of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange for the year 1922-1923 shows a gratifying activity—not only in usefulness but in interest and enthusiasm.

Meetings have been held from October to May inclusive, with an attendance averaging 45. The largest meeting was in December, with 60 present. During the year illness has prevented several workers from attending the Conferences. To others has come the higher call, and we like to think of them as having joined the loyal and devoted friends who have gone before.

Mrs. Nichols, who has given unstintingly of her time and strength, has presided at each meeting. The slogan has been coöperation and service. With cordial greetings and brief accounts of work done, with questions freely asked in regard to all the various departments, the Conferences have served as a spur and inspiration to devise ways and means to brighten the lives of the less fortunate.

Each month an account of the meeting, accompanied by a personal message, has been forwarded by the Chairman to distant Branches. In this way a friendly feeling has been established with Headquarters, and a fuller realization of the importance of the work has been brought home to all. Handicapped by the severity of the winter and the difficulty of getting around, not as many Branches have been visited as last year.

The reports from the various departments are interesting and most encouraging.

The Bible Chairman, aided in several instances by the chairmen of other Branches, has been able to meet the numerous requests for Bibles and Testaments—34 each. A Bible with large print and flexible cover made glad the heart of a sick mother in the Norfolk State Hospital. This Bible replaced one she had to leave at home for her three children. Again through the generosity of the Massachusetts Bible Society, 20 Bibles and as many Testaments were given Miss Brown of the Lend-a-Hand Society, for a school at Camp Hill, Alabama—a locality with a church and a good Sunday School, but without a single Bible, story-book or religious book.

The Home-Study Chairman has steadily carried on during the year. Alliance Branches have shown a wonderful spirit of coöperation, so that all applicants have been placed. The variety of subjects has been somewhat unusual. Calls have come for lessons in Algebra, Bible and Church History, Calculus, Drawing, Dressmaking and

all the lesser branches of study. A young man in Vermont, whose letters showed much promise, desired books on wood carving and other handicrafts. His need was soon met. A young girl in North Carolina is being helped in Spelling, English and Nature Study, especially Bird-Life. In a district in the South, where there is no school (on account of a river being without a bridge) a young woman is endeavoring to teach twenty or more children. The county does not assist her in any way, so in response to her appeal for books a generous contribution of school supplies was forwarded. If she is successful, the county will take over the school another year. She is anxious for lessons in drawing, and a young man was found who was being helped to a course at the Art Museum. In appreciation of kindness shown to him, he was glad to instruct this young woman.

Books have been sent to at least twenty different individuals and schools. Eleven regular students—besides a number who are intermittent—are gaining an education through the Home-Study Department, which more than justifies its continuance by the truly good work being accomplished.

From the Library Chairman comes a third chapter of her work, full of interest and giving an entertaining account of eight transfers made during the past twelve months in the states of Texas, North Carolina, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Cards show 136 libraries—an advance over last year. Seventeen are in schools. One hundred and fifteen are classified as permanent. New Hampshire is still the leading state for traveling libraries, whose books seem to reach a widespread number of people. It is pleasing to note how this work is extending. Thirty-one near-by Alliance Branches have given their aid. Offers have also come from Madison and Milwaukee, Wis., from the Detroit Evening Alliance, the Chicago Associate Alliance, and from Cincinnati, Ohio, with a very recent one from South Dakota. Twenty-three states, the Philippines, and the Virgin Islands, are enjoying libraries.

Three hundred and fifty books, not listed as libraries, have helped Miss Brown meet her many calls for the Book Mission.

Teachers have been helped to improve their work, and in turn have assisted countless numbers of boys and girls. In one case a library is serving two schools in adjoining towns, books being carried back and forth by the principal himself. Several young men are custodians of books, and are glad to give their time caring for and distributing this reading matter for the sake of having it.

Two thousand four hundred and ninety-eight books have been added to the circulation: not as many as last year, but reaching out just the same to comfort and cheer. Truly a missionary work!

What a great help the little "sunshine bags" are! Contributions from chairmen have been very general and most liberal. Every month the amount in the bank has grown, thus making possible the paying of bills and keeping a balance on hand. Three hearty cheers for Mrs. Brush, All Souls Church, New York, whose enthusiasm and persistent efforts have enabled her to send for the third time the largest contribution!

The circulation of the *Cheerful Letter* is 1,400 copies a month. This does not include the many shut-ins on the list, who are anxious for the paper. Let it be the aim of each member to get new subscriptions during the summer, so that those who would welcome and value this paper may receive it.

With the same faithfulness which has characterized all her work, Mrs. Sands has kept in touch with thirty correspondents, sent hundreds of magazines, forwarded postcards in packages of twenty-five each, made scrapbooks of Burgess' Bedtime Stories, and collected patchwork pieces. A new idea, the sending of snapshots taken by herself, has given much pleasure. She is now interested in teaching English and Spelling by correspondence. Her pupil, a young man twenty-two years of age, is a cripple who had never been beyond the fifth grade in school. His progress has been very rapid. He has already finished one book and is starting on an advanced course.

Her personal work in her own community is growing and affords her great happiness. A word or a kindly act at the right time often saves a person from utter despair or from committing some rash deed. Having been given the use of a log cabin, beautifully situated, she hopes to make it a restful place for weary souls. Who can estimate the amount of good done by this unselfish worker, who believes that no person can engage in this work without becoming broader, more alert, and with a stronger feeling for one's fellow men?

It was our pleasure to have with us at the November and March Conferences, Miss Annie F. Brown, Executive Secretary of the Lend-a-Hand Society. The coöperation and good will existing between these two organizations is worthy of note. Miss Brown brought to our attention several deserving appeals—one in the form of a letter from a country school-teacher who, after marriage, settled in a locality in which conditions were wholly wrong. She has charge of the children in Sunday School, and is doing real missionary work. The one small library has been read to death, so she asks for books.

Postals were sent in April to the 203 chairmen of Branches listed in the Manual. Replies show that a few no longer exist; others are inactive, but hopeful of work in the future. A large majority testify to a most commendable amount

of work accomplished, covering a wide field of usefulness.

Statistics show that the First Congregational Branch, Providence, R. I., stands at the head, with an itemized list of 6,293 articles. All Souls Branch, New York, follows with 6,260 items, 4,206 of these being magazines. Channing Memorial Church, Newport, R. I., holds third place with 3,944. Cambridge, Mass., still has the largest number of regular correspondents—56. The cheer given the 140 inmates of its City Home deserves mention another year. Fortnightly visits have been made by a devoted member of the committee whose personality wins the hearts of all. She always takes things with her to distribute, as she soon learns special preferences even to scented talcum powder, soap and perfumery. To the man fond of drawing she has given paper, pencils, paints and brushes. In return he has gallantly presented her with many pictures. A wheel chair will soon be procured for a paralytic. So the needs vary, and as far as possible they are supplied.

An especially interesting feature of the Waltham Committee's report was the assistance given the Tide-over League. Two frames, one for knitting and one for weaving mats, were contributed for use in this institution, organized to teach people (who through illness have lost the use of some member of their body) all kinds of work, thus restoring them to health and self-supporting occupations.

Hundreds of letters have been written, and though many replies tell about the same circumstances, the same problems, and the same needs, we are made to feel that what cheer we can offer is greatly appreciated.

Patchwork pieces—for which there have been innumerable requests, and of which over 300 bundles have been sent—have helped to relieve the monotony of lives cast in lonely places.

When the Christmas spirit is abroad in the land, our hearts are drawn to those who have little to make life happy. Gifts are sent to correspondents. Institutions of all kinds and distributing centres far and wide are pleasantly remembered. Try to imagine the joy of a certain teacher in Virginia at the receipt of nine boxes sent by the Brookline Branch for her school Christmas tree! Besides toys and games, there were scrapbooks, pictures, calendars, children's books, dressed dolls, sheets of paper dolls, decorated paper bags of candy, Christmas and New Year cards, candles and tree ornaments. No wonder the teacher wrote that her tree was the best anywhere round.

Sometimes the dainty wrappings of the packages afford almost as much enjoyment as the gifts themselves. In two or three instances the parcels have been tied up again, so that they would look as attractive as when received.

Is the *Cheerful Letter* work worth while? Most assuredly YES!

The testimonial of a young girl in the senior class of the Crozet High School in Virginia is one of many proofs. She was awarded \$5.00 last spring by a Room Improvement Club, for fixing up the most attractive room of all those submitted in a competition of ten clubs. She writes: "I consider that the *Cheerful Letter* literature played an important part in my success, because from childhood I have made a practice of clipping from magazines sent us everything that pertained to home improvement. These I made into a scrapbook, and they gave me many very helpful suggestions while I was working on my room."

Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, St. John's (Episcopal) Parish, Marietta, Pa., voices his gratitude in the following letter: "I have profited so much through the operation of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that I feel I would be unjust to the cause were I not to give public testimony to that fact. It is therefore a pleasure as well as a duty to thus say 'thank you' publicly."

"Ever since the year 1908 I have conducted a small (free) circulating library exchange in the rural community where it has been my privilege to live and work; and no agency has done as much for that work as the *Cheerful Letter* and its friends. Although I was born and reared in a large city, I have always felt I am called to labor among the poor and discouraged, the ones who heard Jesus gladly. My stipend has never been adequate, and we have found it necessary to practice rigid economy. Yet the results have been richly blessed, and I have never regretted being compelled to curtail expenses. My sole object in mentioning this personal matter is that I hope those who are now engaged in this work of gathering and forwarding matter to those in need of it may realize just what assistance their efforts afford to those, who—like myself—are standing as their representatives and distributing literature to people who would otherwise have nothing—or, what is far worse, certain cheap, trashy advertising sheets. Week after week my little Exchange furnishes magazines, periodicals, books, and papers to those who depend upon me for just this service; and but for the *Cheerful Letter* work this could not be accomplished. So I pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon the *Cheerful Letter* and each individual worker, many of whom are needed to carry on the work."

Respectfully submitted,

ANNA C. HASTINGS,
Secretary *Cheerful Letter* Exchange.

Your judgments of others are in reality the most complete betrayal of yourself.—F. G. Peabody.

LEARNING TO HEAR THE FALL INSECTS

THOSE who take pleasure in listening to bird songs have noticed that in early August the woods and fields become strangely silent. The birds are moulting and resting after the nesting season. Sometimes, for hours scarcely a bird note can be heard. Yet from every field, hedge and roadside there is a riot of melody, made by insects, that you can hear if you will take the trouble to learn how.

The musical insects—grasshoppers, katydids, crickets, locusts, and cicadas—are far more numerous than the singing birds; and when you have once begun to distinguish their individual notes, you will find apparently no end to the variety.

You probably know the field cricket, whose cheery notes come to your ear all day and all night from the near-by field or garden. There are other crickets, smaller than the field crickets, browner and with longer bodies, that inhabit the damp grass near ponds or swamps. At first you will scarcely hear them, but, as you gradually sharpen your ears by listening, you will become aware of many of the little musicians. Those crickets do not crawl up blades of grass; they live in dark crevices of earth, under thick-growing vegetation; it is difficult to see them. A rustle, a shadow, a quick movement, and they are silent. But there is a fascination in searching that strange world, and in hearing the music of crickets close at hand. The notes are: *Dzt, dzt, dzt, dze-e-e*, repeated over. The end is a little lower than the rest.

You may already know the notes of the cicada, —sometimes incorrectly called the locust,—those notes that shrill and swell and rise and die in the hot air round the trees above streets or dry fields. *Zing-g-g-g* he says; and, if you have the good fortune to find him at his music, you will see his fat, cone-shaped body expanding and contracting. The expansion and contraction set in motion a number of small, tight-stretched strings in a cavity near the base of the cicada's wings. The result is his marvelously loud and vibrant note.

Another interesting musician is the cone-headed grasshopper, who begins his rasping pulsations in the long blades of grass toward evening. He is a beautiful pale green insect with wings that are longer than his body. Like all true grasshoppers, he makes his music by rubbing together his "shoulder blades," which are as stiff as mica, and which produce vibrations that are intensified by a sounding-cavity in his body.

Another kind of grasshopper, smaller and chunkier, with red shanks, puts forth among scrubby woodland trees notes that are like the click of an angler's reel: *Tick, tick, tick, tick, cree-c-c-c*.

In the same sort of woodland you will find a tree-cricket that makes his music by raising his oval, transparent wings at right angles to his body and agitating them. The result is a soft, sweet trill, like the ringing of a very small electric bell.

A similar trill is produced in a different way by the locusts, which are distinguished from true grasshoppers by their short antennæ. Some utter their notes at night in weedy fields or in dry meadows, and use in the process not their wings but their legs. On a moonlit night, or with an electric flashlight, they can be found quite easily, for they crawl up weed-stems and sometimes cluster near the tops.—*The Youth's Companion*.

A group of old ladies were talking and knitting on a veranda. The conversation got around to how much each weighed at birth. One old lady said, "Well, I weighed just three pounds and a half." The others gasped, and one of them asked, "And you lived?" "They say I did," answered the other woman, "and done well."—*Boston Transcript*.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

I

A PUZZLING SMOKER

Mr. Jones, on being asked how much he smoked a day, replied: "I smoke one half as many pipes in the morning as I do cigars and cigarettes combined. In the afternoon, I smoke just five times as many pipes and cigarettes as I do cigars; while in the evening, the number of cigars and cigarettes I smoke amount to three times the number of pipes. Yet during the day I smoke the same number of each,—pipes, cigars, and cigarettes."

How many pipes did Mr. Jones smoke in a day?—*St. Nicholas*.

II

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

In tent, but not in barn.
In hut, but not in cabin.
In table, but not in desk.
In card, but not in note.
In inn, but not in hotel.
In King, but not in Queen.
In house, but not in stable.
In warm, but not in cold.
In Massachusetts, but not in Iowa.
In east, but not in south.
In north, but not in west.
My whole is an early Egyptian King.

Answers to puzzles in the April number

I. TWISTED NAMES OF SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS:

1. Coriolanus, 2. Julius Caesar, 3. Hamlet, 4. Macbeth, 5. As You Like It, 6. Twelfth Night, 7. King Lear, 8. Othello, 9. The Tempest, 10. King John.

II. TWISTED AUTHORS: 1. Alcott, 2. Seton, 3. Lytton, 4. Stowe, 5. Dodge, 6. Warner, 7. Baldwin, 8. Dickens.

III. TWISTED CITIES: 1. Detroit, 2. San Francisco, 3. Providence, 4. Baltimore, 5. Galveston, 6. Mobile, 7. Portland, 8. Buffalo, 9. Duluth, 10. Boston.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City. There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.